

## **Tricks and Treats by kittenCorrosion**

**Series:** Mileven Week 2016 [3]

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M, Happy Halloween, because who doesn't want mike to be han and el to be leia i mean come on, extra fluffy, it's mostly fluff, they go trick or treaing and fight about costumes and stuff

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Karen Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Eleven/Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

It's El's first Halloween, and while she's okay with the idea, she's sick and tired of listening to the boys fight over costumes. But when the day comes she finds the darkness a bit unnerving.

Mileven Week Day 7 (Dec 4)

"Freebie!"

## Tricks and Treats

### Author's Note:

welcome to the first ST fic i ever wrote. it was just after halloween and i had this story so vividly pictured that i just... wrote it. so thanks halloween, you've created a fic writing monster.

The boys had been arguing for a record hour and a half. Lucas and Will were for The Hobbit, Dustin and Mike wanted to do Star Wars. Either way, they had been going at it for far too long now and El was tired of listening. With a bored sigh, she lazily began cleaning up the basement with her mind, a habit she picked up after noticing Mike's mom come down and do while huffing angrily. It was kind of soothing, an easy exercise for her powers, and the boys didn't even notice anymore as she rearranged the D&D figures, folded blankets, and put their bags in a pile.

"Lucas, you just want to be Oakenshield but there's too many dwarves and not enough of us!"

"There's enough characters so we can be whoever we want!"

"Guys, Mike has a point, and there's like, no girls in the Hobbit."

"See, Dustin gets it."

"Yeah well, you just want to be Han so El can be your Leia and you can—"

The last statement was followed by kissing sounds then a smack and an angry yelp.

It had all started after they finished their last campaign and Will innocently asked,

"So we're doing the Hobbit for Halloween this year, right?"

El rolled her eyes at the shitstorm that had quickly ensued and turned her attention back to collecting jackets and hats. Apparently, "Hello

ween" was a day when you dressed up as someone you weren't and collected candy from houses. It sounded interesting enough, but she'd already decided she'd rather stay home and hang out with Mike and have Eggos.

But... Mike seemed really excited about it, all the boys were, so she decided she would give it a try. If she had known that this stupid argument would have been the result of her consent she'd take it back. This was getting ridiculous, and it looked like Lucas and Dustin were about to start throwing punches, which was not only stupid, but annoying. She cleared her throat loudly and then spoke.

"Lucas?"

The boys all shut up instantly, and turned to El on the couch, exchanging glances. She had stopped a fair share of fights with her powers and while it was awesome, it was also a little terrifying. They'd learned to stop and listen to her when she had something to say, and this argument was no different. Mike stepped towards her, face unreadable.

"What is it, El?" He asked, slightly concerned.

She smiled affectionately at him, but turned her head to look at Lucas, ignoring Mike completely. He was always the first to ask if something was wrong, which she loved, but he wasn't the one with the issue.

"Lucas, why not Star Wars?"

Her voice was gentle and encouraging, a stark contrast to the snarlings and bickerings. Over the course of the argument she had been able to tell that there was deeper reason to why he was so vehement about not dressing up like they were part of the popular space-opera, but he didn't want to admit it and none of the other boys were bothering to try and understand so she decided to take the problem into her own hands.

Several months ago they all had a movie night to show her the entire trilogy in order, and she liked it, not only because the movies were good (she had made Mike marathon them with her again later), but

because afterwards the boys had started calling her a “Jedi” and asking her to do fun things with her powers. It had made her feel special, but at this point she honestly didn’t care what they dressed up as, as long as it would end this fight.

Lucas sighed his dramatic sigh and let his head drop back, not wanting to say anything. Then he sighed even more dramatically and shook his head.

“I just... I don’t want to be Lando, and they’re going to make me be Lando,” he finally admitted, not looking his friends in the eye. Dustin snorted, then let out a full on laugh.

“You really think we’d make you be Lando because he’s the only black guy?” He was chortling now. Will, who internally decided he could be Gandalf next year, joined in with a snicker.

“Lucas you can be whoever you want,” the smallest boy said with a huge grin, “do you really think we would make you be Lando when we all kind of hate Lando?”

Lucas snorted begrudgingly, but looked around the circle, stance relaxing as his fear was thrown into the trash compactor.

“I mean, then I guess I’m okay with Star Wars...” he trailed off, then gathered up his courage again, “but I’m calling being Obi Wan.”

“Done!”

“Deal.”

“Yeah, sure.”

El breathed a sigh of relief. The boys decided Lucas would be Obi Wan, Dustin would be Darth Vader, Will wanted to be Luke (and he had the white karate robes courtesy of his mom wanting him to learn self-defense), which just left Mike and El.

“Dude, you gotta be Han, and she should be Leia,” Dustin stated with a superior tone.

“Yeah, we can’t have a Han Solo,” Lucas agreed, “and she doesn’t

care who she is anyways.”

Mike sputtered a bit, his cheeks flushed.

“But, uh, well... we, um, we didn’t even ask her. What if she wants to be... Yoda? Or something.” He protested weakly, actually really liking the idea but slightly embarrassed at being such an evident couple among the group.

Will rolled his eyes at his friend, but Dustin gave Mike a looked that screamed “are you fucking kidding me.”

“Oh my god, Mike, she’s been back for like seven months why are you still so awkward,” he exchanged glances with Lucas, “we all know you two like each other.”

Mike flushed even brighter but gave in.

“Fine... whatever, you guys.” He turned to El, trying to hide his grin, and asked, “Do you mind being Princess Leia, El?”

“Sure, Mike.” She smiled her small smile and nodded her head contentedly. She was mostly glad the argument was over, but she also liked Leia. Sure, she was kind of the only girl in the movies, but she was also really tough and didn’t put up with people and El liked that. She also liked Mike, so it really was a win-win situation for her.

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The three weeks had flown by, and Mike’s mom had been busy trying to make a Leia costume, upcycling one of Nancy’s old, long-sleeved nightgowns, ripping off the lace, adding a high neck and trying to find something to make a belt. Of course the biggest problem was the hair.

El’s hair had gone from buzzed to grown out boy-cut, but it still wasn’t any where near long enough to make buns with, and Karen had schemed with Joyce until they managed to find a wig that was

long enough to style. It had taken the longest, but they all knew she couldn't be Leia without it.

Carefully adjusting the wig and securing it with some bobby pins, the women looked at El with satisfaction. They'd painted her lips a red-brown, blushed up her cheeks, and even managed to convince her to try some mascara, making her hazel-brown eyes look even bigger.

"Well, that's a darn good princess," Joyce said, warmth in her eyes, "you look so good, honey."

They turned the girl around to look in the mirror, and El was satisfied with what she saw. She reached up and touched one of the buns cautiously, adjusting to the new weight on either side of her head.

"It's good. Thank you," she said, smiling appreciatively at the women. Nancy, who had volunteered to do the makeup, glanced at her watch and started.

"It's almost six-thirty. Don't they need to leave soon?"

El was unceremoniously rushed down the stairs and to the basement where the boys had been waiting, playing Mike's new Atari. Dustin was screeching at the screen while the others cheered him on, but Mike glanced up and caught sight of her walking down the stairs.

"Wow." His eyebrows went up, and his heart pounded a little faster. "Guys, look." He smacked Lucas who was sitting next to him and they all turned to look at El. Will nodded his head, looking her up and down.

"She looks just like Leia. Where did your mom get the hair, Mike?" He questioned, impressed.

"I... I dunno." Mike adjusted his vest self-consciously, trying not to let on how much her mascara-widened eyes were affecting him. Then, he brightened and grabbed a black toy gun off the couch, standing up to hand it El. "Here's your blaster," he said, tapping the matching one on his hip, "since Han can't use the force and Leia doesn't either—"

"She could, she has it, remember?" Dustin interrupted as he dropped

the controller and reached for his Vader mask. “She feels Luke through the force, it’s how they know he’s alive.”

“No shit.” Lucas rolled his eyes as he pulled his hood up over his head, flaring his cape out dramatically behind him. He really loved the cape.

Once they’d all preened and readjusted their costumes, Mike handed El a flannel pillowcase.

“Okay, so like I told you yesterday, we go to the front door and say, ‘Trick or Treat!’ and then you hold this out and they should just drop the candy right in.” He explained to her, again, as he held out his own pillowcase. He grinned excitedly. “Then when we get back and we sort all of it and you can trade if you want, cause some candy is better than others.”

“Like nerds,” Lucas sighed almost dreamily. Dustin snorted.

“You are a nerd.”

“Bite me.” Lucas shoved him good-naturedly and then headed for the stairs, turning back to face Mike. “Are you going to stand there and stare at your girlfriend all night, or are we going to get candy?”

“She’s not my girlfriend!”

Lucas snickered as he ran up the stairs. The others clamored after him, only to run into a roadblock at the top of stairs. Somebody shoved someone else and somehow they all tumbled out on top each other onto the carpet. A bright light flashed and El squinted her eyes, looking up and into the lens of Jonathan’s camera. It flashed again and she grimaced, muttering a curse word she’d learned from Dustin and extracting herself from the pile of costumes and limbs. The adults we are all laughing and El didn’t really appreciate it. With the utmost grace she could muster, she readjusted her buns and shook out her dress, hoping the tumble hadn’t messed up her outfit.

“Sorry, guys, the moms asked me to get some pictures,” Jonathan said, looking apologetic but also trying not to laugh. The boys all managed to unravel their capes and appendages, but before they

could get any revenge Joyce and Karen swooped in to retie sashes, adjust shirt collars, and gush about their children.

“Oh, let’s do Will Skywalker and Dustin Vader fighting each other!” Joyce said, smoothing Will’s hair and then gently pushing him forward. Dustin and Will gladly started posing, whipping out their lightsabers to duel. The camera flashed, then Lucas fought Dustin, followed by Obi Wan helping Luke, then Mike and Luke, and finally,

“El? Will you take a picture with Mike, sweetie?” Karen smiled fondly at her, reaching out to adjust the girl’s belt. El nodded.

“Yes,” she said simply, before going to stand next to Mike, her small smile staying on her face as he reached out his hand to grab hers and pull her to his side. She snuggled into him as he put his arm around her, and she lay her head onto his shoulder, letting out a contented sigh and looking into the camera. Any chance to be close to him was nice.

“One, two, three.... smile!”

They both grinned at the camera, Mike’s face burning as Lucas silently pantomimed proposing to Will. Dustin pushed the two of them over before giving Mike and El a toothless grin and a thumb’s up. The camera flashed a few times and then everyone started bustling about, pushing the kids towards the door, Jonathan trailing them as the designated chaperone. He mostly just wanted to keep an eye on Will, but the boys definitely agreed they’d prefer him to anyone’s mom.

As they headed out of the house and into the darkened neighborhood, El shivered a bit. She wasn’t really cold, though the late October air was chilly, but mostly a bit nervous. The sounds of shrieks and monsters growling could be heard throughout the dark streets and she couldn’t help but picture the Demogorgon creeping through the shadows. Mike glanced at her sideways, noticing her unease.

“You okay, El?” He asked, a note of concern in his voice. She shivered again, and he reached out, taking her small, cold hand in his own. “If you don’t like it, we can go home. The others will share their

candy,” he frowned, looking thoughtful, “...probably.”

Pausing on the sidewalk he gave her a sideways glance, but she shook her head adamantly, not wanting to disappoint him.

“No. I want to. Just...” she gripped his hand a little tighter, “stay... here.”

“Of course.” He laced his fingers with hers, giving her that soft, comforting smile that she loved so much. It was the same one he gave her the first time he comforted her, standing in the damp, basement bathroom, afraid to shut a door. Her stomach flip-flopped and her heart sped up as he stepped towards her, his dark eyes soft. With a gentle precision he brushed his lips across hers, then rested his forehead against hers for a brief moment before pulling away, trying to reassure her in the way only he could. He looked deep into her hazel-brown eyes, giving her hand a tender squeeze.

“I’m going to keep you safe, El. I promised, remember?”

She nodded, a smile playing on her lips.

“Are you lovebirds gonna stand there all night gazing into each other’s eyes, or are we gonna get some damn candy?!” Dustin’s voice called from the other side of the cul-de-sac, breaking the spell between the two.

“Are you okay now?” Mike asked, still concerned about her despite the fact that the tips of his ears were bright red.

“Yes.” She replied, completely unfazed by the teasing as usual, her hand growing warm in his.

“Right.” He couldn’t keep the smile off of his face, heart thumping, feeling giddy. “Then... let’s get some candy!” He yelled goofily, taking off running, still holding her hand tightly. She giggled as she was pulled along, nervousness evaporated in an instant. They caught up with others, who were arguing about which house to head to first. Mike joined in the argument, and El rolled her eyes at her ridiculous, bickering friends. But she continued to hold onto his hand and he looked down at their entwined fingers and smiled.

**Author's Note:**

this is the last of the mileven week prompts. i'm sad but also i need to finish this semester so i'm kind of glad?

i have another stranger teens story coming out soon, but if anyone has requests or prompts, throw 'em my way. i want something to do over christmas break. i like writing both teens and kiddos, so whatever ideas you have or scenes you want to see in my AU, let me know.